

Fw: The Week Our Reality Broke

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From: Tristan Jacob Miano, a.k.a. Thoth IV <thoth@substack.com>

To: "drmiano@yahoo.com" <drmiano@yahoo.com>

Sent: Tuesday, March 30, 2021, 09:37:55 PM EDT

Subject: The Week Our Reality Broke

The Week Our Reality Broke

From the New York Times, Sunday Review, March 14th 2021



"M", Tristan-Gan MIANO

Mar 31



I found this paper on a bench inside the Downtown Berkeley BART station.

SundayReview

The New York Times

Leslie Jamison
on the pitfalls of
pandemic nostalgia.

Rachel M. Cohen
on a year of
radical public policy
experiments.

Maira Khwaja,
Trina Reynolds-Tyler,
Dominique James
and Hannah Nyhart
on Chicago's
constellation of
mutual aid.

Zachary D. Carter
on how the coronavirus
ended the era of
small government.

Luke Winkie
on what to do
with the New Yorkers
who fled the
city for comfort.

Jennifer Murphy
on working as
an E.M.T. last spring.

Yaryna Serkez
on the charts
that show the
disparities
of Americans'
suffering.

Yolanda Wisher
on remembering
what it felt
like to be touched
and kissed
by strangers.



We Found the Money We Needed

Markets crashed, unemployment soared, and America remembered that the economy serves society, not the other way around.

By Zachary D. Carter

Silhouettes It was everywhere: On March 10, Gov. Andrew Cuomo of New York announced the first confirmed case of Covid-19 in the state. And so it began: markets tanked, unemployment soared, and America remembered that the economy serves society, not the other way around.

When I was a child, my parents would give me a weekly guide to human affairs; in this case, investors grew more nervous every day, and I started dunning shares of just about every company I could find. In March, the Dow Jones industrial average fell 2,300 points — enough to erase all of the gains from the previous year, and most of the gains from the previous decade.

Then came the news that Americans would have to stay at home. And other economic disaster like the coronavirus pandemic hit. The metrics that matter most, the number of infections and deaths, has been catastrophic. The number of Americans infected with the virus in one country for exceeding the number of U.S. troops killed in World War II.

But by many other measures,

corporate losses and bankruptcies, investors piled into government-backed paper driving up the yield on long-term treasury bonds to just 0.54 percent. On March 12, the Federal Reserve said it would begin offering ultralow-interest loans to companies, including the ravaged mid-set during the coronavirus crisis. And on March 13, the Dow Jones industrial average closed at 2,334, down 2,300 points — though to erase all of the gains from the previous year, and most of the gains from the previous decade.

On the subway ride home, I learned Tom Hanks had Covid, and received an email from my university stating that they were going to go

Zachary D. Carter, 25
Author of *The Price of Power: Money, Democracy and the Life of John Maynard Keynes*.

virtually beginning that Monday.

Jocelyn Goldberg, 25
Psychotherapist
New York City

When was the moment you realized the pandemic would change your life?

On March 10, a second wave of

COVID-19 cases hit New York City.

But it wasn't just the shock mat-

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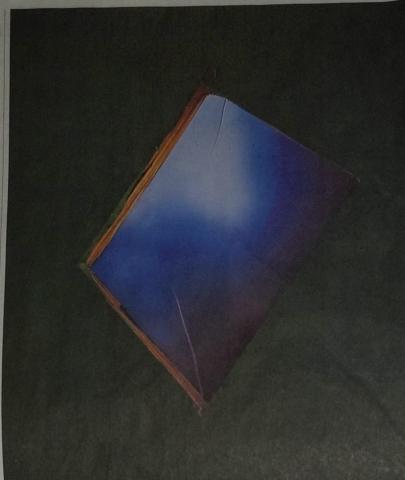
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We Stuck It Out in the City

People like to say you become a New Yorker after 10 years. Those of us who stayed through 2020 should get extra credit.

By Luke Winkie



When was the moment you realized the pandemic would change your life?

When my wife went out and bought a five-year supply of cold medicine.

Ronald M. Friedman, 73
Doctor
Asheville, N.C.

When Rudy Gobert tested positive on March 11, we had friends over watching the game. Seeing the N.B.A. shut down on live television was a real "Holy smokes, this is happening" moment.

Kelly Mallahan, 32
Teacher
Washington, D.C.

It's strange to think those friends, acquaintances and co-workers we last saw are now living with it. But with the vaccination rollout, we're starting to feel back to the city. We see them arriving at the subway station and a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel. New Yorkers have started coming home again. And while the numbers are up, the 5 percent of its population it has lost since March 11, the number of returns is difficult to determine.

The pandemic has worsened my recognition, even though we grew apart physically rather than with it. But with the vaccination rollout, we're starting to feel back to the city. We see them arriving at the subway station and a glimmer of light at the end of the tunnel. New Yorkers have started coming home again. And while the numbers are up, the 5 percent of its population it has lost since March 11, the number of returns is difficult to determine.

If you're still here, we're waiting for you to find your way back to the city. We've got room for you, and we'll be happy to let you go.

But other developments looked far more consequential. Their Instagram photos no longer featured with them. Now they're uploading photos of their new apartments and homes across the country. Here to stay, gone tomorrow.

Those who were largely unannounced — indeed, plan a go-away — are a bit more visible now as I peered together the points from which they'd departed.

Meanwhile, I lingered in the city, trying to make the most of my chance with my girlfriend as ambivalence about leaving the city set in.

By the end of summer, it felt as if we were the only ones left in the city.

They say you become a New Yorker after 10 years. I moved

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Nearby, this rider will be used to attract visitors to local businesses.

What was the moment you realized the pandemic would change your life?

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Ronald M. Friedman, 73
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Asheville, N.C.

Once sufficient contrition is expressed, the city can return to the normal New York existence, no less than it did when we again vacate the city in its time of need.

Perhaps you believe I'm being too petty and I carry some grudge against the city for not sticking it to us in a city famous for its chutzpah. That's not true. At a time when everyone was stuck at home, the city was absolutely correct.

I'm not a Deep呼吸者, and it's difficult for me to cope with the idea that the sun-drenched beaches would have been a better place to be than those past 12 months than a receding horizon. I'm not a party backpacker or laundry room. New Yorkers are not the ones who are asking every one of their neighbors and friends to self-isolate and coping mechanisms.

That said, I've never identified much with this face than I did in 2020.

All the value I was taught about the importance of family school onward, came true last year. The city, which I once considered a hub of cosmopolitanism, the suburban residence wherever someone could afford to buy dead and buried. I used to think that brand of civic pride was silly and that the city was just a son of a gun marching through the waste land of the Bronx and Brooklyn Avenues, mask cutting onto my cheeks, and then getting a tomato soup while we waited to see who would be the next to die.

It remains to be seen whether the city's resilience will ever possess the same spirit. I hope so. I hope that the warming over, which was scheduled for the first week of April last year, will bring back the heat, the food, and the talk, and draw us all back together again through this. Too. The deserters will return, and the newcomers will live in America's largest city, the last bastion of a generational crisis, but they'll be better prepared to share the continuing joys of what comes afterward. This great interbreeding of New York.

I almost feel bad for them. After losing their job,



I had a concert ticket to see Hayes Carll on March 11. I was weighing in my mind whether I would attend the concert if it wasn't canceled. Then it was. I mark March 11 as the day the music died and a big part of my life was taken away.

Paula Blanchette, 61
Retired
Portland, Ore.

When the restaurant in Midtown where I waited tables was virtually empty in the first weeks of March, I grew increasingly wary of being near customers and clearing their dirty dishes. When my manager told me Italy had shut down restaurants, I was in shock. "That could never happen here," I thought. But I knew in the back of my mind that it was already underway.

March 20 was my eighth anniversary at a marketing agency. I was already working from home. I got a "Congratulations" chat message from a colleague.

Soon after, my phone rang. It was one of the partners. I was being let go.

Donna Wilson, 52
User experience designer
Muskegon, Mich.

We Longed For Parties

Here we are now, older souls trying to remember what it felt to be touched, held, kissed by friends and strangers.

Photographs by Jessica Lehrman, Text by Yolanda Wisher

Let us recite an irreverent prayer for the club, the disco, the spot.

For the battleground of our unleashing, the church of our weekly baptisms of the bitter week, the tent show revival of our rapture.

Let us bow our heads and say "Remember when . . ." as if we are as old as Methuselah, as if we've seen all the world wars and we know the taste of tombstones.

Remember when we danced?

Remember when you did the cha-cha slide, popped and locked, stepped and bounced, worked the week off your bones, let your spirit stretch out across the dance floor, let the bartender and the D.J. be your gurus?

Remember when we used to move among one another like a shaggy herd of buffalo or a plush patch of mushrooms, the invisible antennae on our skin electrified by intermittent touching, random bumping, indifferent brushing by, and in that indifference was a kind of love?

Remember when touching was a way to the moon or a way to assume the glow of a moon?

Remember when we memorialized special occasions in sweat on foreheads, in crevices of the body volcanic with the touch of strangers, the melting heat of a room made only for your joy?

Remember the smell of someone's funk and someone else's sweat and vomit? The hum of fear and lust and envy and joy stinking up the joint, a thick ether of escape and ecstasy?

The feet under the stall. The movements of being exposed and yet hiding behind the curtains of namelessness. The life sticking to your body that is not just your own to claim.

Remember that darkness where when our eyes adjust, we

find the true face of lust?

In the dark where the faces of friends metamorphose into lovers. In the dark where first-timers become old souls, where paradise is regained and remixed on a Saturday night. In the dark where the weekend is promiscuous with hours.

In the dark, we become kissin'-friends. Not quite like what Zora Neale Hurston meant but close. We kiss the deepest secrets that lie unknown and unspoken in another's body, in their crook of arms, behind pierced ears, in the leathered lap of an ant-infested couch in the corner. A corner of the world that has seen more love than most.

Inside the club, time is suspended like the charged space between double-Dutch ropes. A space governed by music and the pulse of the universe that echoes in all our chests. We jump in the ropes together. Or we turn the ropes together to weave a space all our own.

I hear Nina Simone singing "in the dark it's just you and I," but it's not. It's all of us. She sings to "the beat of my poor heart," and it's a million poor hearts beating, but there's no dance floor to keep the time we've all lost.

Kissing was a way to touch the other side of the moon. When you kissed me in the dark that night, time made sense in a way that it doesn't anymore.

Here we are, older souls trying to remember what it felt to be touched, held, kissed by friends and strangers.

Hurston said, "my tongue is in my friend's mouth," and here I am recalling my no-name in your new mouth.

You pressed fingertips upon my lips, and we danced a dirty dance in front of everyone's eyes and had no cares because our bodies knew a truth about each other. A truth that didn't need words.

Jessica Lehrman is a

documentarian who



documentary photographer. Yolanda Wisher is a poet, singer, educator and curator who is the former poet laureate of Philadelphia. These photographs are from Ms. Lehrman's project "Lust."

She didn't need a name, only a song. As Lil Green said, we were born to be kissed in the dark.
And with runs in the night's pantyhose, we walked out of the club before the day's bag of waters arrived. Remember? The air was less charged and less ancient. Life was less lush.

Songs of pre-pandemic P.D.A. at New York City nightclubs. From top, Baby's All Right, Williamsburg, Brooklyn; Westway, Manhattan; and two clinches at Webster Hall in Manhattan.



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